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CAMDEN TROLLEYS

THE New Jersey Board of Public Utilities announces that the zone-fare trolley system is an experiment. In that case, and assuming that it was on trial before the public, popular judgment has unquestionably been found against it.

Even for these uneasy times the situation across the Delaware is phenomenal. Lawlessness, of course, cannot be justified. On the other hand, neither can the operation of a public utility on lines directly opposed to public sentiment.

The trolley company over the river has a right to take the most vigorous steps to preserve order. At the same time it is incumbent upon it to realize the full significance of the name under which it is chartered—Public Service Corporation.

An organization which confesses to the possibility of bankruptcy surely cannot afford to make costly "experiments."

THE DEMOCRATIC SHRINKAGE

THE shrinkage of Democratic votes in Tuesday's primaries signifies a sane interpretation of municipal politics. So far as the issues were directly involved, national party lines were meaningless.

The tariff, America's foreign policy, government ownership, are questions unrelated to the choice of a Mayor for the city of Philadelphia. The theme which interested Republicans and the missing Democrats alike was the termination or continuance of contractor rule.

It is no wonder, therefore, that Mr. Westcott, chosen by a majority of the 14,000 Democratic voters as a majority candidate, cuts an obscure figure. At last local politics are being governed by strictly local considerations.

This is a healthy and sensible change. Perhaps some day the parties here will cease trading on national names. Unofficially, the nomenclature was without subterfuge this time. It was a case of pro-Vare or anti-Vare.

PALMER AND THE PACKERS

ATTORNEY GENERAL PALMER announced to a conference on the cost of living in Albany that he was amazed when he read the evidence against the five big packers which is to be submitted to a Chicago grand jury. He said that "when it is laid before the jury the wrath of the American people will compel a verdict of conviction, for the story will smaze America as it amazed me."

So much of it as Mr. Palmer disclosed indicates that the five packers control the distribution of 75 per cent of the meat consumed and 40 per cent of the meat substitutes. This may be true, but it is not enough to secure conviction under any existing laws. It will be necessary first to prove that there is a conspiracy among the five packers to fix prices and regulate distribution. Without that the suits will fall flat.

But if Mr. Palmer is talking merely to cover up the inability of the government to do anything materially to relieve the people it will appear before long. In the words of the President, it is a case for the attorney general to "put up or shut up."

THE ROOT OF THE MATTER

THAT the Boston police strike should be discussed during the celebration of the anniversary of the adoption of the federal constitution was inevitable. That strike was a blow at the democratic representative institutions set up by the constitution.

Elihu Root, at the New York celebration, paid his respects to the Boston policemen when he reminded his audience that every officer, legislative, judicial, executive or military, is the servant of all the people and that when any group of men have taken an oath to maintain order and suppress crime refuse to perform their duty unless permitted to affiliate themselves with an organization containing possibly 3 per cent of the population, they are attempting to set up the rule of the 3 per cent over the remaining 97 per cent. This is not democracy, but Trotskyism.

This nation will never consent to anything of this kind.

A POET'S MISTAKEN CHAMPIONS

GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO appeals to the France of Hugo, the England of Milton and the America of Lincoln to justify his seizure of Fiume in the name of Italy. The invocation is melodramatic and, like most melodrama, it is far more showy than truthful.

Milton was not of our times and it is a futile tax on the imagination to picture his handling of the Croatian crisis. But the attitude of the modern Hugo and Lincoln upon open defiance of the law is strikingly registered.

III's trumped-up coup d'etat which resulted in the French poet's banishment from France.

It was the American President's regard for the limitations of his power that restrained him provisioning Fort Sumter, because to do so would have placed the blame of starting the Civil War upon the North. The Star of the West turned back from Charleston harbor by his mission unfulfilled.

The emancipation proclamation was a war measure, inapplicable in unrebelling states. The America of Lincoln has indeed quite the reverse of sympathy for the acts of the feverish and defiant D'Annunzio.

It is noticeable that he summons no figure from his own nation's history. That cannot be because of ignorance of the tale of the tragic vanity of Cola di Rienzi.

THIS TIME WE ESCAPE THE AMATEUR MAYOR

Congressman Moore has the Mind and Training Necessary to Get the Best Out of the New Charter

NO ONE who doesn't want to go as far wrong as Uncle Dave Lane went in his recent appraisal of public sentiment will suppose that the municipal administration is as yet assured of deliverance from the sort of influence which the Vare organization typified.

In the eyes of those who understood the possibilities of the revised city charter the fight for a majority in the new Council seemed even more important than the fight for the mayoralty nomination. Candidates who jubilantly wore the label of the Vare organization won nominations for ten of the twenty-one seats. Independent sentiment in the city is represented by the other eleven—by a majority of one.

Will that slim majority stand? Will it continue under the enormous pressure that is sure to be exerted between now and the elections, and even after the Council is organized, for control of a body that in the end must formulate municipal policies, spend municipal money and make or break a Mayor?

Many of the candidates for Council who ran in opposition to the Vares are not the sort of men whom you would expect to die for a principle. Nor are they even the sort who might be expected to oppose the rule of intrigue and stupidity that used to make many sessions of the old Councils something of a scandal.

It is for this reason that voters still have it in their power to decide whether the city shall actually have an opportunity for enlightened self-government after the election. And it is because the nature and complexion of the new Council cannot now be determined with infallibility that Congressman Moore's election will be a fortunate circumstance.

Mr. Moore is honest. He has courage. He is qualified to report to the people about what goes on in Council during the first years of an extraordinary experiment with a new form of city government that has innumerable possibilities for good and almost as many possibilities for corruption and failure.

There are voters with an independent turn of mind who refused to support Mr. Moore because they couldn't see all their ideals realized in a man who happens to be a practiced politician. Were they a little better versed in the processes of city administration these same men would perceive the futility of such a prejudice. A man who was not expert in politics and familiar with every detail of the game as it is practiced could serve only purposes of ornament in the Mayor's office during the next four years.

It is with politicians that the Mayor has always to deal. It is with politicians that he will have to do battle if he is to have any success and if he is to do any good.

It is by the political method that cities are governed. When we find another method it may be wise to elect men to important offices who do not know the ins and outs of the system and are unable to understand the methods and means by which bosses and their satellites survive.

A Mayor without a knowledge of politics would be of no more use to the city than any other amateur in a job that required a trained eye and an expert hand. Mr. Blankenburg was one of the ablest and sincerest men who ever held office in Philadelphia. But he wasn't a good administrative politician and the reforms that he began lasted no longer than his term of office.

Political leaders are necessary. But there is no reason why political leadership should degenerate into villainy and establish itself on a basis of organized lawlessness. That sort of thing was familiar to Philadelphia until the tide began to turn at the primaries.

No particular class of voters may be credited with Mr. Moore's narrow victory. It is idle to say that an upheaval of righteous sentiment overthrew the Vares.

It was something almost as good as righteousness. It was the determined desire of the ordinary voter in Vare wards and elsewhere for the great American privilege of a new deal.

The people who like to be classified independently as "good" agitated themselves a bit, to be sure, in the fight against Judge Patterson. But they didn't agitate very greatly.

It was within the Vare machine that the really important things happened. The organization had presumed a bit too far. It had disregarded a few too many of the decencies. Streets were a bit too dirty, leaders were a bit too tyrannical, the bosses themselves a little too reckless. Ward bosses like Harry Mackey and Bill McCoach couldn't deliver when their chief beckoned. There was no moral in the ranks.

In the Thirtieth ward McCoach mustered a majority of 2000 for the Vare candidate in the previous election. He could find only a 600 majority for Patterson. The Thirty-sixth used to give Vare candidates 1500 at least over opponents. On this occasion it delivered approximately 750. In Congressman Vare's

own ward, the Twenty-sixth, a majority of 1800 was assured in advance to any Organization man. But the Twenty-sixth gave Judge Patterson only 1200 votes over Congressman Moore.

It was a general reaction of public opinion that turned the political tide in Philadelphia. Even to Varettes Varetism had become intolerable. The city's way is clear to the sort of government that makes other communities clean and content and prosperous. Let's go.

A PEACE CONFERENCE AT HOME

THE men whom the President has selected as representatives of the public to confer with representatives of labor, agriculture and banking are not quite so representative as they should have been. We do not wish to be hypercritical, but it seems as if a man seeking conferees with expert knowledge would have chosen several from this state, one of the greatest industrial states in the Union. But unless Elbert H. Gary, of the United States Steel Corporation, can be called a representative of Pennsylvania this state has been overlooked entirely. It is possible that the President may revise his list and include some Pennsylvanians before the conference finally meets in Washington on October 6.

The purpose of the conference is for the "discussion of the labor situation in the country and the possibility of formulating plans for the development of a new relationship between capital and labor."

This is a worthy object. Men have been talking about the relations between capital and labor for many generations and have not yet arrived at any clear ideas about what constitutes either labor or capital. With all the discussion, there is a disposition to assume that there is no industrial conflict save between the employers and the employed, and that if this conflict could be settled all would be peaceful.

But at bottom the war is not between what are loosely called capital and labor. It is a war between conflicting selfish interests. The employer demands high pay and a shorter working day. The employer seeks to get labor at such a price as will leave a margin of profit for him. He wants the margin to be as big as possible. But this conflict of interest is only a part of the greater war that is going on. The employers are fighting one another for the market in which to sell their goods, and they are continually troubled by the warfare going on in their own factories and shops. There is the same conflict of interest between competing employers that there is between the employers and the employees.

Then union labor is continually at war with nonunion labor. The unions seek to organize all the workers in as many trades as possible in order to secure a monopoly of the labor and to be able to dictate to the employers the terms on which it will work. And the nonunion workers are selling their labor in the best market they can find, regardless of the wishes of the unions. There is competition here between two groups of labor with conflicting selfish interests.

The task of developing a new relationship between capital and labor is not quite so simple as it might seem at first blush. The President, who has given some thought to the subject, is, of course, aware of this, but he is calling the conference in the hope that he can do something to create the feeling that there should be a community of interest between employer and employed instead of a conflict of selfish desires. The conference deserves the good wishes of all friends of industrial peace.

An Altoona man while dismantling the shooting gallery of which he was the proprietor discovered in a suitcase which he had removed from his stock. The story as received is incomplete. By grapevine wireless we learn that the squirrel had lined its nest with the bands in tasteful designs, and the supposition is that the bushy-tailed one was holding the cigars to swap for the nuts who would fall for the story.

Sir Oliver Lodge says if the atomic energy of an ounce of matter could be utilized it would be sufficient to raise the German ships sunk in the Scapa Flow and pile them on top of the Scottish mountains. His name, says Henry Cabot Lodge, holds that a more noteworthy feat is accomplished when the atomic energy of an ounce of gray matter delays the progress of the world.

The community banquet to be given Lieutenant Commander Alfred C. Read in Atlantic City will be attended by ladies. This may be partly due to the growing strength of women in political affairs and partly to the passing of John Barleycorn as a supplementary guest of honor.

Farmers are seeking a larger representation at the federal industrial congress. "Labor has been given larger representation, though it raised hell generally," complains the chairman of the National Board of Farm Organizations, "while agriculture has been loyal." While stating the fact it may also be that the gentleman has recited the reason.

The Governor's probe concerning housing conditions and rent profiteering will doubtless develop the fact, as everyone suspected, that the landlord has less difficulty than the tenant in raising the rent.

Hog Island has work enough on hand to keep its 30,000 employees going for six months. And if the city knows its business there will be no lay-off then.

The sovereign citizen is quite satisfied that his crown is on straight.

It took the North Penn to show how to turn a healthy dollar into twenty sick cents.

The Entente understanding is that Russia may gain its ain gait, but must shun on its own side.

Old General Apathy headed the Democratic ticket.

Gompers' hope of a truce in Boston was sunk without trace.

KEELY A WORLD TRAVELER

Col. McGain Tells of Philadelphia Bohemian Group of Which Doctor Is the Only Survivor—Man Who Found Woodrow Wilson

By GEORGE NOX McCAIN
DR. ROBERT N. KEELY was a rare figure on Chestnut street the other day. He lives at Browns-Mills-in-the-Pines, New Jersey, although he spends about one-third of the year in Philadelphia. The Art Club is his headquarters.

Doctors were in charge of the first Peary Relief Expedition. That was in the summer and fall of 1892. He came back and wrote an interesting book of his experiences that had a large sale. Everything about the Arctic was seized upon greedily in those days.

As soon as they are pretty badly damaged, the doctor says, the United States took them over three years ago and has permitted them to shift for themselves ever since. By them is meant the inhabitants. The doctor is of the opinion that unless Washington wakes up and manifests some interest, and puts the population to work and extends some substantial aid to them, it will one of these days be called upon to send a few relief ships to the islands as we did to Porto Rico in 1899.

He has been almost everywhere. His record along the northern coast of South America is six voyages. He has visited practically every habitable island from Cuba to Barbadoes.

Two months were spent by him in our new possessions, the Virgin Islands, last spring, where he had an opportunity to study conditions in these "Pearls of the Spanish Main," so called.

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When Melville E. Phillips was literary editor of the old Press under Bradford Merrill, now general manager of the Hearst papers in New York, as managing editor, his room was a rendezvous for a group of young fellows who comprised the only real set of Bohemians it was ever my fortune to know.

There was Dr. "Bob" Keely, ready for any adventure that might drift his way. "Dan" Dawson, athlete and man-about-town, of whom it was said that he addressed a young ladies' boarding school in the morning, had a four round set-to in the afternoon, and made up a party of a dozen at a private dinner at the Bellevue at night.

Will Garrison, a writer himself and a delightful talker with a most remarkable vocabulary. He was a brother of Secretary of War Garrison.

Joe Sinnott, slender, handsome, wealthy and as companionable a chap as one could find in a week's travel. Then there was O'Brien Moore, of Ireland, one of the gentlest and most kindly souls I ever met; soft voiced and sympathetic, but ready to fight at the drop of a hat.

Moore went back to Ireland, I believe, to an unexpected title of some sort. Dr. Bob Keely is now the sole survivor of that brilliant little company.

Two or three times a week they would take lunch, consisting of soup, a stew and a salad, at the Holly Tree Inn.

It was on Sixth street below Arch. It's a plumber's shop now. The little, long, narrow saloon disappeared ten years ago. A lunch with two glasses of beer in those days cost a dollar.

This group, all brilliant young men in their way, were Bohemians by nature. They did not wear bow ties, long hair and wooleden shirts.

They were gentlemen.

I HAVE known several men in my day who had an uncommon faculty for sizing up political situations. The late Congressman Ernest F. Acheson, of Washington county, was one of these wise men.

One time in particular was the presidential campaign of 1892. Acheson went to Minneapolis as a Blaine adherent. He said Harrison could not win. And he was right about it. Harrison was nominated and slaughtered at the polls.

Henry E. Alexander was one of Acheson's intimate friends. He was a newspaper man, but is now a publicist with residences in Washington, Philadelphia and Pittsburgh. It was Alexander who really first suggested to Woodrow Wilson for political advancement. He was then Professor Wilson, of Princeton.

"TACKLING THE DUMMY" AN INCIDENT IN THE TRAINING SEASON



THE CHAFFING DISH

Confessions of a Boob

EVERY now and then we go to the postoffice to mail a registered letter containing some money. On those occasions we wonder what there is in the atmosphere of that ancient fortress that makes us go through such odd mental antics.

Before we leave the office we have carefully sealed the envelope containing the bills, after counting them half a dozen times. We count them two or three times first, and they seem correct. Then we lay them on the desk and turn away carelessly as though to fool them into thinking we are going to leave them there. We pounce back upon them suddenly to take them by surprise in case they have changed their denominations or altered in any way. They are still correct, and we seal them up. Sometimes we do this twice.

WE PUT the envelope in our pocket, but we are still suspicious of it. When we get to the postoffice a horrible doubt seizes us. Are the bills still there? Or have they evaporated in some mysterious way? Or can we by chance have left them lying on our desk and forgotten to close the desk? Is it worth while to dash back to the office and see? We weigh and pinch and shake the envelope trying to make out whether the official put his rubber stamp on the envelope and watch the envelope as long as it is in sight. Still we have an absurd feeling that perhaps something is wrong. Perhaps we put the wrong letter in the envelope.

WE GO upstairs to the registry room. Here we have a spasm of anxiety about the address. We study the envelope over and over. It looks all right, but are our eyes deceiving us? If we have a friend along we ask him to read aloud the address of what we have written. If it sounds all right we are reasonably satisfied. We buy the registry stamp and stick it on, licking it with amazing care. We get our little receipt and hide it carefully away in a hip pocket. Then we annoy the next man by lingering so long at the window to watch the official put his rubber stamp on the envelope and watch the envelope as long as it is in sight. Still we have an absurd feeling that perhaps something is wrong. Perhaps we put the wrong letter in the envelope.

WE GO out onto the street with beads of dew on our brow, and wonder whether it ever happens to any one else.

P. S. We have consulted our sagacious friend the Quisidor about all this. He says he does exactly the same sort of thing every time he mails a check. He will never understand why we embraced him so affectionately when he told us. Thank heaven, we are not the only one!

We have a friend who is about to sail for England, and who says it is one of his ambitions to introduce the phrase, "I'll say it is" (with its variants) into the British Isles. We shall watch the English papers with interest for evidence of his success. If we see it in Punch or the London Times within a year, we'll buy him a box of cigars.

A Dream
A friend of ours who was living in England before the war had a dream during the spring of 1914. It interested him so much that he wrote down his impressions of it as soon as he woke up. This is an absolutely authentic record, and seems to us of sufficient interest to reprint.

London theatre. Before one entrance a huge crowd was waiting for the doors to be opened. Before a second door, only half a dozen people were standing. The posters on the walls announced the performance as "The Play of Life." When the doors opened I walked in leisurely with the few people who had been waiting

before that entrance, and we came to the best part of the theatre, which contained all the most comfortable seats. An attendant came up to me and asked for my ticket. I replied I had not got a ticket, but wished to buy one. The answer seemed to come from far away: "That is too late now! All these seats are taken. If you have no reserved seat you ought to have waited at the other entrance with the crowd and taken your chance. But that is also too late now, for there is no seat left there either. You'll have to walk out!"

INTERNATIONAL ANTHEM; LATEST STYLE

OH, IT'S lovely to feel as you sail on the sea That the ocean is yours in its entirety, That wherever you happen to hit on the strand, That spot is the same as your own native land!

Oh, it may be the border of Timbuckeroo, The haunt of the knickknack, the knot and the snail, Or it may be the tip of the top of the tarn Where Iglots and Izkiuks don't give a darn.

But wherever it is, you will feel you're at home, And will just settle down, never after to roam; You will gas with the Madagascanians free, Or pat Patagonians plump on the knee.

And your brethren, whoever they are, all will grin, And the cosmos will turn to and start in to spin, Till the metes and the bounds of these United States Are quite lost in a blur that your soul cleaves.

Yes, whoever they are they will give the high sign, And you'll sniff at the breeze and absorb it like wine, And the stars in their courses will cluster and group and group, Whilst all of you join in a world anthem whoop.

—Maurice Morris, in the New York Sun.

What Do You Know?

QUIZ

- 1. What novel first brought Gabriele D'Annunzio to international notice?
2. What is the highest altitude ever reached by man on the earth's surface?
3. Who attained it?
4. What is a marmot?
5. What is Cardinal Mercier's first name?
6. At what age did the poet Keats die?
7. Which is the largest of the Philippine Islands?
8. What is the codform of a ship?
9. Who is director general of the Pan-American Union?
10. In what weight do twelve ounces make a pound?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz

- 1. Napoleon surrendered himself to the British in 1815.
2. The Emden was the most successful of the German commerce raiders in the war.
3. Dion Boucicault wrote the comedy, "London Assurance."
4. The notorious French politician Cailhau has just been released from prison on account of ill health.
5. Sir Edward Burne-Jones was a celebrated English painter of the pre-Raphaelite school. His dates are 1833-1898.
6. The largest river flowing into the Pacific on the American continent is the Yukon.
7. The Dipper is the constellation of the Great Bear.
8. Faience; earthenware, porcelain of all kinds. The name is derived from Faenza, an Italian town where the ware was made.
9. Stygian darkness means that of the lower regions. Stygian is the adjective made from Styx, the river of the classical Hades.
10. Herbert C. Hoover was born in West Branch, Iowa, in 1874.